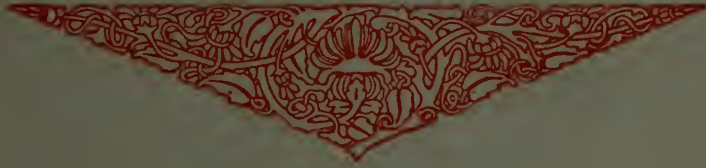


THE ARCHON



Dummer
Academy



May Number
1907



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THE ARCHON

Published Monthly in the Interests of the
Students of Dummer Academy

Vol. 1—New Series

MAY, 1907.

No 7



A BATTLE EXPERIENCE.

It was a dark, dreary day; the rain had been coming down in torrents ever since seven o'clock in the morning when General Pino Guerra called his officers together to arrange the plans of the battle, which was to be fought next day, between the hours of four and five P. M. near a small town called Wajay. The arrangements for this battle were made on a small scale, the General thinking that our men would outnumber the enemy. But this was found out to be a serious mistake a few hours before the time came to begin the human massacre.

It was my fourth day in camp. I had joined the general's staff and had not as yet been in a fight. Like all men of my age, I longed for the rattle of musketry. Being a new soldier and having no experience in the life, everything had a charm for me.

We had made a long and tiresome march. My bones ached painfully and my body felt as if someone had walked all over it. The ground seemed harder than ever, and in astonishment I gazed at the sun-burned warriors round me, wonder-

ing how could they appear so comfortable, and sleep so soundly, while I from weariness and excitement could scarcely keep my eyes closed. I thought for a long time how wonderful it was that on the day before a battle, which, perhaps, was to decide the fate of many they could appear so unconcerned and indifferent. I wanted to talk and to ask questions but it was the idea of appearing unsoldierly that kept me from giving vent to my feelings. So I continued thinking, and my thoughts were that to-morrow I should be under fire for the first time. What should I do? How should I feel? Should I be able to stand up to my duty like a man, or should I find myself quaking with fear at the first sound of the musketry? I pictured myself as lying in a rough field, the scene of battle, overhead hung huge clouds of smoke, through which the rays of the sun could scarcely pierce, the dead and wounded mingled in horrible confusion with mutilated horses, and on every side blood and desolation. Perhaps it all meant death, and to-morrow I should be lying stiff in some way-side ditch, a forgotten part of the little band, and die as

many a soldier has in his first encounter with the enemy.

I could see the body of a boy near me—an expression of agony still lingered. He lay there with one hand pressed to his wound, his stained shirt marked where his life-blood had slowly ebbed away, with no kind hand to sooth him in his agony. Slowly the embers of the camp fire grew less and less bright and calmed by the stillness I fell asleep.

I awoke to the sound of the bugle and saw everybody hastily saddling their horses. I did what I saw my companions doing. I gathered together my small paraphanelia and took my place with the staff. At a short distance could be seen the enemy's forces approaching slowly. A sound like the roar of thunder was heard. This was President Palma's forces challenging those of the Constitutional faction.

General Pino Guerra with his staff and scouts were posted well to the north of the field. On the west side was General Asbet with two hundred and seventy-five cavalry, and on the east General Loynaz del Castillo with six hundred more. Way down in the field was the infantry which was composed of seven hundred strong men; the famous Oriental infantry so called by General Macee in our last revolution against Spain.

The battle waged fiercely; our men out-numbered were fast being driven back, and I was looking with excited eyes full of anger on the scene. I heard General Pino Guerra say, "Tell General Abet to charge the left flank, and General Loynaz del Castillo the right and I with the staff and escort, will attack the front." I was astonished by this time more than ever. I could hear nothing else but the sound of thousands of voices one part yelling "Viva Thomas Palma" while my side was answering, "Viva la Con-

stitution." As the bullets whizzed by me singing every second, something seemed to clutch at my heart, perspiration stood on my face, my knees shook, my feet rattled against the stirrups, everything seemed swimming before me. I tried to speak, but could not, for my tongue felt as if it had turned into stone.

I was vexed at myself. I called myself many names which I will not dare to write. But suddenly our brave general gave the order to charge. Forward he went and we followed. The thundering of a thousand hoofs seemed to echo in my head, mingled with the roar of the artillery, the rattle of our small arms and the cries and oaths of men. This sensation suddenly left me, and I urged on my good horse with machete in hand, I rode by the side of my general. My blood seemed on fire. Faster and faster, harder and harder, like a human avalanche, we tore across the field, until with a crash we broke into the square. Carried away by the impulse and enthusiasm, by the cries and yells, I continually spurred on my horse; a mist seemed to cover my eyes. I did not know what I was doing; but blindly thrust, parried and cut.

The battle was over. We had won the victory and Ex-President Palma's forces were scattered over the field. We could see them running in small groups for refuge. We let them go for we all were tired and, for myself, I was completely exhausted. I experienced for the first time a severe pain in the back. During the struggle someone had hit me by mistake. A companion of mine rushed to me with the general and told me that he had very nearly cut me in halves but just in time he had seen his mistake and turned his machete flat. This did not sound very pleasing to me. I thanked him for saving my life, though I

shuddered as I did it. The general shook hands with me, and, as recompense for valor, promoted me to the position of first lieutenant.

Palma's troops were badly defeated. The bodies were lying on the ground and the blood was running like a stream of water. Having buried the dead, we celebrated our great triumph by singing beau-

tiful songs of victory and dancing country dances until the time came to go to sleep. We slept soundly, I assure you, dreaming of our victory and good fortune and hoping that the time would soon come, when we could return to our sweet homes, where mothers, sisters, brothers and sweethearts were anxiously awaiting us.

J. GOMEZ.

BOYS' ROOMS.

One may, to a certain extent, learn the character and hobby of a boy by simply inspecting his room. In the furnishings, their nature and arrangement, in the general appearance as to neatness and order and in the taste displayed, artistic or otherwise, many of the boy's habits and fancies are shown. For example, as you enter one room, a great number of horse-pictures are seen, arranged with precision and regularity and every book and paper on the desk is in order. This boy, the inmate, is of course very fond of horses, he is particular in temperament and a very orderly person. In another dormitory you find a room littered all over with clothes and books, all kinds of pictures looking as if thrown at the wall and

stuck there and all intermingled in size and color. Immediately the conclusion is received that the fellow in question is careless, untidy and lacking every idea of art. So likewise many places might be visited and different characteristics noticed.

We must say that the rooms here, for the most part, are very neat and some of them are so artistically arranged that they are a delight to visitors. A prize was offered last year to the person having the best decorated and arranged room. This year however it was left with the boys to take care of their rooms as their personal pride directed them, and, considering all, very little difference can be noticed.



CORNER OF A BOY'S ROOM.

A STRANGE INHERITANCE.

A young man who was an orphan, received a letter from a wealthy uncle whom he had never seen, asking him to come and visit him.

So he took the train, and arrived at the little out of the way station of the town where his uncle lived. He asked the station agent the way to his uncle's house and what kind of a man he was. The station agent was surprised that such an elegant young man should have any business with the peculiar old man but told him that his uncle lived about four miles from the station and that a man who was going that way would take him as far as the walk leading to the house, but not further. At the end of the long path which led up to a large, elegant appearing mansion, the driver, who seemed frightened even to go thus far, left him.

The young man wondered why the people were all so afraid of his uncle; but he said to himself, "He is my uncle, and of course I ought not to be afraid of my relatives."

He went up to the door, lifted the knocker and heard the sound echo through the whole building.

No one answered the first time so he knocked again.

This time the door opened a crack and an old man with conspicuous teeth and a grizzled beard asked, "What do ye want? Who are ye, anyway?"

"Why!" said the young man, "I am your nephew."

"Oh!" replied the old man. "I did not recognize you, never having seen you. Come in."

The young man walked into a long corridor and then into a large hall, decorated with old fashioned dishes, furniture and everything to make the room pleasant. From the hall his uncle led him into a small

den. There, to his horror, he saw all around the plate rails, instead of plates, skulls of human beings and in two straight chairs sat two skeletons. His uncle told him this was his office and that he might make himself at home.

At first he felt sort of timid, but after awhile he became curious about the old house and asked his uncle if he might look round. The old man gave him a bunch of keys and told him he might go anywhere in the house except into a large hall in the attic. One day the old man asked him if he might paint his picture. This he did and the portrait was a fine piece of work.

The young man was called to Europe after about two weeks visit at the old mansion, and his uncle said he would let him go if he would promise to come back in a month.

While in Europe he received a letter from a friend telling him that his uncle had died, so he sailed for America on the next steamer. He went to his uncle's house, entered the den and unlocked the safe where he found his uncle's will in which he left everything to him, including the old mansion.

The first thing he did was to have an architect come and fix over the place. One day, feeling that he now had the right, he went into the hall in the attic, and to his surprise saw all around the walls statues with pictures above them. The air was kind of stuffy so he went across the room to open a window when his arm hit a statue and knocked it over. He looked around and saw a human form fall out of the casing. The men down stairs, hearing the noise, went up to see what was the matter, and discovered then the reason why so many people there about had disappeared. The old man had painted a picture of each one of his guests,

and before each departed would push him into a tank of plaster of Paris. When the victim was pulled out, a coating of white was all over the body and then the old man would place the statue under its respective picture.

What might have happened to the young man if he had not been called to Europe!

F. O.

TUSKEGEE.

(Continued from last issue.)

The students at Tuskegee have good clubs, "The Willing Workers" which aims to keep its members informed on current topics, the "Liberty Debating Club" which seeks to give its members better training in English speaking and to broaden their acquaintance with English literature, the English and History which seeks to encourage the study of English and History, and "The Natural History Club" which makes a specialty of Agricultural literature. In addition to these there are the class organizations and state clubs. Ten states are represented by different organizations among the boys. Among the students also exists an Officers Court. This is presided over by the commandant of the batallion. This Officers Court investigates and passes judgment upon all breaches of discipline and other offences that are not serious enough to be referred to the Principal or to the Executive Council. Meetings of the students with the Commandant are held every Saturday for the purpose of talking over the interests of the students and the school. In the young women's department somewhat the same methods have been adopted. The administration offices of the institute are located in the Adminis-

tration Building, which contains the offices of the Principal and his secretary, the rooms of the Executive Council, the room of the Treasurer, of the Auditor, of the Business Agent, of the Commandant of the Batallion who is also the head of the Police Department of the school. The Post Office and the Students Savings Bank is also located in this building. The control of the institution is vested in a Board of Trustees composed of eighteen persons, eight of whom live in Alabama and the others in the North. The Executive Council is the directing body in the institution and is made up of the chief executive officers of the institution.

Tuskegee offers inducements to boys and girls which are rarely offered elsewhere. Anyone can go there without knowledge or money and when he leaves the institution, whether finishing or not, he can rest assured that he will carry with him some things that will be valuable to him all the rest of his life. It is a school where anyone can learn something, it matters not how dull he may be. Tuskegee is unlike all schools of general education, one where the real value of education is taught. It is perhaps the only and best colored school where young men and young women can be taught the real, the fundamental value of work, not only intellectually, but industrially as well.

Tuskegee stands for honest effort only. No one should go there, if he or she does not mean to work hard enough to make himself or herself a valuable agent of the ideas which are so freely imparted daily. bring out more work from the student. Tuskegee motto is "Labor." Nothing but hard labor enabled Newton to discover the law of gravitation and Shakespeare to write the best drama. Labor enabled Michael An-

gelo to furnish the best statues. Labor enabled Johnson,, the common brick layer to become Ben Johnson.

What was it but labor that brought Abraham Lincoln from a rail-splitter to being President of this grand, vast and noble republic? Labor enabled Mr. Washington a slave to be the Principal of the greatest colored institution in the world.

Nothing is denied to well directed labor. Nothing is to be obtained without it. Mr. Washington was very well convinced that in order to succeed in any pursuit, hard work is an indispensable requisite for this reason, if not for others he started Tuskegee twenty-five years ago. To-day Tuskegee stands for this kind of labor and will maintain it as long as the Divine Providence permits.

Tuskegee stands to-day as one of the most beautiful spots in Alabama. The grounds are something worthy to be seen and walked upon. The institution has grown so much that to-day it owns 2,000 acres of land, eighty-three buildings, large and small, used as dwellings, dormitories, class-rooms, shops and barns, which together with equipment, live stock, stock in trade, and other personal property is valued at \$831,-895.92.

In conclusion I would advise any person to go to Tuskegee and visit the place during the time the classes are going on. I do not think anyone could wish to see anything better. There is animation, good times and many things to which your eyes will be attracted. The institution cannot be seen very well in one day only; it is too large for anyone to have a real notion of the place and of Mr. Washington in that time.

I sincerely believe that the success it has made, will not in the long

run, betray the hopes of those who have devoted their time, their strength and their money to the uplifting of the race.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, JR.

J. GOMEZ.

(Concluded.)

THE PARKER RIVER.

One of the pleasantest views about Dummer is that from the windows of either the schoolhouse or the Commons, the view out over the marsh. And it is especially interesting to note the changes as season succeeds season.

In the fall when we arrive the side hills are covered with the dull green of that season which later turns gradually to brown. About the first of November is the prettiest time of autumn. Then the maples have put on their varied shades of red. The beechs are yellow, the pines have their unchangeable cloak of green and the fields still retain a somber shade. This mixture of color blends together in perfect harmony, making a picture well worthy a master's brush.

Strewn over the broad marsh are the stacks of salt hay, very regular in shape, irregular in location, making breaks in the even scenery of the low lying land. In amongst these winds the wandering river making more turns in its course than any river I have ever seen. Back and forth across the expanse of weed-grass it goes, quadrupling by its turns the distance gained.

In winter the ice and snow make the marsh one dazzling field of whiteness but in the spring comes an interesting slow moving picture scene when the snow melts, the ice breaks up and flows out and the cold appearance gradually fades away.

The warm green tufts appear in April and by June when we leave the Academy everything is in its prime.

Over by the Pines is the favorite swimming place for the boys. The time to take a plunge is when the tide has come in and is just turning. Then for a few minutes the river is almost as still as a pond and the high tide makes diving possible.

Sometimes in the early spring when the tide reaches its greatest height the whole marsh is covered with water and looks like an inland sea.

Canoeing is very pleasant on the river, for the crookedness makes the course uncertain and changeable. Speed is hardly possible and a race between two canoes is a test of skill in handling.

The river is indeed a part of Dummer and performs its part in making the boys happy and contented.

On them its largesse of variety,
For nature with cheap means still
works her wonders rare."

* * * * *

"Grow dim, dear marshes, in the
evening's gray!

Before my inner sight ye fade away,
And will forever, though these
fleshly eyes grow blind."

J. R. LOWELL.

TWO SCAMPS.

"Who are Mr. and Mrs. Heath, anyway?" asked Mrs. Wiggin.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Schmidt. "They seem to be friends of Mrs. Hamlin."

"But she says she doesn't know them any more than we. To say the least, Mrs. Heath is charming."

Such was the opinion of all societydom of Langton as expressed by these two of its leaders in their usual gossip following the annual charity ball. Mr. and Mrs. Heath had been there and had made quite a sensation, especially Mrs. Heath with her bright and charming conversation and her engaging manners.

This seemingly unknown couple had moved to Langton some months ago and had slowly edged their way into the highest circle of the influential people. Mrs. Hamlin had to all appearances taken an unusual interest in them and following her lead the other ladies of the city had welcomed them in their houses. Mrs. Rollins had invited the mysterious pair to her swell card party and Mrs. LaBarre had continued by including them among the select number at her blue lunch. From one affair to another Mr. and Mrs. Heath had worked their way till now they were well-known and highly spoken of. Mr. Heath appeared



MARSHES.

"Dear marshes! vain to him the
gift of sight

Who cannot in their various in-
comes share,

From every season drawn of shade
and light,

Who sees in them but levels brown
and bare;

Each change of storm or sunshine
scatters free

a man of leisure and his wife, a born lady, who dressed in the best of style though a trifle modestly and whose necklace of pearls and display of diamonds dazzled society. People of such wealth must have some history of former conquest in the whirl of city life but they never recalled the past or spoke of their former residence except indefinitely and seemed anxious then to change the subject. They had procured a recently built house on Richmond Avenue, the best street of the city and the grounds of their estate were a delight to the eye. Within splendor reigned on the finest of carpets, the rarest of draperies and the daintiest of paintings and statuary; at least it was thought so.

Invitations had been sent out among the leaders of society, to a reception by Mr. and Mrs. Heath at their home on the evening of the twentieth and already it was the eleventh. All the ladies seemed anxious to see how this lady, so little known and yet supposed by each to be a friend to someone else, would entertain. There was hesitancy among the two or three leaders whether to accept this sudden invitation or to snub their newcomers and thus teach them not to try to advance too rapidly, but Mrs. Hamlin was persuaded by an opportune, enchanting call from Mrs. Heath to accept and the rest followed.

When the evening came, the guests arrived, the ladies decked in their finest gowns and sparkling jewels and the men in usual formal costumes. The reception was rather informal, Mrs. Heath receiving the guests in her brilliant and captivating manner and Mr. Heath selecting the men to entertain with light business and political gossip. The time passed very pleasantly. A

talented vocalist gave two or three selections and Mrs. Heath herself condescended to render a piece on the piano which pleased her guests immensely.

Toward the end of the evening a punch bowl of finest cut glass was brought in by a servant and Mrs. Hamlin at the request of Mrs. Heath served the delicious beverage while the latter distributed it among the guests. The hostess urged them to take a glass in the strongest of terms and only one refused, Mrs. Rollins, giving the very plausible excuse, that lemon juice or lemon flavoring in anything nauseated her. Then contrary to all precedents and to common courtesy, Mrs. Heath accompanied by her husband insisted upon her taking a glass but to no avail.

When Mrs. Rollins looked away after her last refusal to Mrs. Heath, she saw several men and women gathered about a lady lying on the floor evidently in a fainting fit. Then in another part of the room a cry went up as a lady sank to the ground in a motionless heap. One by one the ladies went down and then the men seemed to lose their strength, holding on to the chairs and finally ending by sprawling on the carpet. Mr. Heath who was about to run out for a doctor took two powders from his pocket, gave one to his wife and took one himself. Immediately he and his wife were perceptibly affected, breaking up a drowsy look which was coming in their faces. By this time everybody except Mrs. Rollins was lying on the floor in a seeming lifelessness. She was hysterically screaming and moaning over the body of her husband whom she could not awaken from his sleep.

Mr. Heath threw off the coat he had put on and seizing Mrs. Rollins

by the wrists forced her in a closet, fastening the door after her. After a few moments no noise was heard within and Mr. Heath, on opening the door, found his guest had fainted then began the wicked deed for which the punch had been drugged. The two conspirators commenced going the round of the guests, taking the jewels from the ladies and the watches from the men with avidity and tossing them into a valise. When they had visited each person and relieved them of their precious ornaments, wrapping themselves in cloak and coat, they left the house by the front door, leaving it open by accident.

A policeman strolling by noticed it and entered, perceived the circumstances and performed the necessary actions,—summoning the doctor and the ambulance. None of the victims suffered more than slight internal pains and pecuniary losses.

No money was spared to secure

the arrest of the two culprits. Detectives, police and citizens were offered liberal rewards but the pair seemed to have slipped through the hands of them all.

The morning after the dastardly deed, the telephone at the police station was kept busier than usual. The upholsterer, the caterer, the real estate man, several brokers and bankers, besides many private individuals called up the station asking for payment of bills and loans which the thieves had incurred. Upon examination the Heath house was very scantily furnished, except the parlors and it was found out that they had brought the furnishings there but a few days before the great reception. The caterer had not been paid and Mr. Heath owed money in every direction.

Alas, nothing was ever discovered and the society of Langton had learned a lesson.

A. H. C.

THEIR FAVORITE AUTHOR

The Optimist,	<i>Hope</i>
The Lunatic,	.	,	<i>Wilde</i>
The Hotentot,	<i>Savage</i>
The Athlete,	<i>Hale</i>
The Anemic,	<i>Haggard</i>
The Humorist,	<i>Whittier</i>
The Rail Magnate,	<i>Steele</i>
The Man-about-Town,	<i>Swift</i>
The Baseball Player,	<i>Fielding</i>
The Jeweler,	<i>Goldsmith</i>
The Doubtful Man,	<i>Mabie</i>
The Butcher,	<i>Lamb</i>
The Englishman,	<i>London</i>
The Lawyer,	<i>Barr</i>
The President,	<i>Addison</i>

From Life (Ex.)



THE ARCHON

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The readers and subscribers of this paper will be doing it a favor if they will patronize its advertisers and mention the fact that they saw the advertisements in THE ARCHON.

VOL. I.—New Series.

No. 7

MAY, 1907.

I. We wish to commend the fellows upon the spirit they have shown toward making the baseball season a success. From the beginning everybody has been interested and enthusiastic and the athletic field is the center of attraction in the afternoon.

There was some difficulty at first in selecting the best players for the positions and we were glad to see that those disappointed did not leave the squad. The thing to do is to complete the season with the same enthusiasm, every fellow to support and encourage the team. We want a good string of victories and we must have them. Make it your work to be present at all the games if possible and help the team win out.

II. One of the greatest questions that confronts a senior is, "What college shall I try to enter in the fall?" The answer to this interrogation is very important and a solemn, conscientious study should be given to the subject before any answer be made. One good advance will have been made when the decision is arrived at, whether a large or small college is preferable. There are many good reasons and arguments

in favor of each side and of these we will try to give the most apparent. In a good sized college or university one important advantage is at once noticed, that of equipment. Nobody can work without some of the necessary utensils and why is it not reasoning that the better the means the better the results. For example no college has better equipment than Harvard and Harvard is the place to get the minute knowledge of a subject. Again in the large wealthy institutions the best of instructors can be secured. A third advantage is entertained after graduation. A large college, as Harvard or Yale or McGill is known all over the world, being of course in the public eye more than the smaller ones. So a man who wants a position either in society or in business receives much more attention if he can claim Harvard or any other place of similar fame for his "Alma Mater." He has at once an exalted position among his associates which the mention of the name of his fostering mother procures for him. In opposition to these points the small institution can bring up many arguments, first and most important of which is that in the large college true college spirit and life is not gained. One does not get into so close connection with his fellow students or with the instructors, whereâs this is possible in a place of fewer attendants. One feels in the latter a friend to all his fellow laborers, he knows them and as is a certain result he derives many good ideas from them. Also the young man has more special attention from the professors where recitations not possible in large institutions,

bring out more work from the students and where his absence is noted. Just as much of ordinary knowledge can be learned in a small institution as in the largest one. The choice is "Had you rather have better equipment or the true college spirit, better professors or better instruction?" This is for you to decide before you graduate from preparatory school. These are a few points to guide you in your selection and nothing but deep, honest thinking can solve the problem for you.

III. A very interesting article appeared in the "Reader" for May, entitled "Letters from Schools," by Emerson G. Taylor. It is a very just treatment of the school question, "Shall we send son away from home or put him in the high school?" Mr. Taylor brings out several points in favor of the boarding school. He states a case where an only boy, who had promised to write every Sunday, sends home in six weeks five scrawly sheets in two letters, but says that this shows that the lad had been too busy fighting his way among equals to answer his parents' long epistles, although undoubtedly he thinks often of home, referred to in the last note as "only five weeks away." This boy received new ideas from boys from widely scattered places. The master was a member of his father's class in college and has idolized the father in the eyes of the son by saying he was "the most popular man in his class." The boy has become self-reliant and broader, the father has become a demi-god, and the home dearer, simply by six weeks' stay at boarding school.



HUSH-UP.

Bill Kork from Happy Jack.

Tickle, Oh, Tickle.

Don't the Senior canes look fine?

The common salutation in Latin III. is, "How's Mr. Cicero this morning?" The answer "Ill" means a poor lesson and "Fine" a good one.

The Harvard, Bowdoin, Dartmouth and U. of M. examinations will be held here.

There is one consolation the Seniors have,—that although they are going to higher stations, they are not all angels yet.

Ask the Editor how he pronounces razor or salmon?

Have you tried the new tennis courts?

Nat doesn't seem to have profited by the advice of the April Archon.

How sedate the seniors are?

The flowers abounding in this vicinity are enducements for some fellows to go out walking in the woods and fields. The alewives will be running soon and then there will be great fun for the young boys.

"To who belong this ball?"
—Vincent.

Just notice how great a commotion Moseley makes when he appears with his scarlet necktie.

Doesn't Mr. French look "petite" in his baseball uniform?

Everybody awaits graduation with great expectations. None will be disappointed, we hope, for the seniors want to give everyone a good time.

Moseley has secured another lot of embossed stationary which he is selling to the upper class men.

The social committee will not have to beg sheets hereafter.

Mr. McTernan and Adams were the first fishermen of the season. With a couple of pickerel hooks they went after trout.

What a late spring we have had!
Lost on a delayed pass.

Phil C. says he is going to take
exams for Bradford Academy and
if he doesn't get in won't try for any
further education.

Jack, be careful what you say.

Lannigan is so fond of Dummer
that he doesn't like to leave the
Campus.

Morning exercises have begun
again in the Chapel.

The bravest in the school are Mr.
Pett, Meader, Gay, Bume and Lan-
nigan. They went in swimming
first, on April thirtieth. Let their
names go down in history.

Did you notice the red light at
the Grange? The policemen's Club.

A very delightful sport these
spring evenings is to go to the pas-
tures and burn "savin" bushes, being
careful to choose only those in the
open.

A name for the Farm House pro-
posed by Duke as fitting its splendor
is Vanderbilt Hall.

"I'm a perfectly, peaceful person
I don't care a hang
Whether I wear my hair in a braid
Or simply in a bang."

A song composed for L. Rogers.

We were glad to have a visit from
Mr. and Mrs. Rich. How much
little Nelson looks like his mother?

Say, Holbrook, didn't you wish it
were football time when you were
sporting that fine eye?

Who ever thought Tuskegee was
so large a place?

Lenox, are you "neurosthenic?"

Don't you fellows wish you could
get hold of one of Booker's fruit
baskets?

"Only the brave deserve the fare."
He who dares pass up the second
time regularly.

Redfern says he is going to keep
still hereafter so that he shall not
say anything worthy of publication
in the Archon.

Did you know that Croston
caught four mice and killed them
himself? How brave he is getting
to be!

Rich:—"I thought the big bull-
frog was dead when I showed my
mother to him."

We were sorry to see Porter come
home from the Danvers game look-
ing so used up.

And he didn't know what struck
him! We are glad nothing serious
resulted.

The Ambrose Prize Speaking
Contest will be held June seventh
to commence the graduation exer-
cises. An excellent contest is ex-
pected.

A Miss — under Mr. Murphy's
picture! Impossible.

Oh, Moseley, Moseley, shame on you.
You can't come and fool *us* too.
You may deceive us now and then,
But bumping a post at nearly ten!!!
Too much.

"Catch as catch-can." The Cros-
ton-Cano scrimmage. Won by his
honor, too. A mouth's room bound
or a whipping and the strap was
used.

In the meeting of the Seniors held a few weeks ago the following staff were chosen for the last issue of the Archon:—

Editor, Arthur H. Cole

Business Manager, George H. Croston.

Asst. Business Manager, Russell F. Moseley.

Literary, P. L. Caldwell and Gardner Sanford.

Alumni, D. Redfern.

Social, Nathaniel Ambrose.

Athletics, Weldon Blodgett.

We were glad to see that our new students have turned out to be such good base-ball players.

Silver and Benjy, botanists and trainers of wild beasts.

Croston's name for President Shingles: "Little Bright-Eyes."

Canoeing is getting more enjoyable and parties take trips down the river nearly every day.

Ask Cabby to do the monkey act.

The Honor Roll for the month of April is:—Cole, Hilliard, O'Neil, Tomblen, McGlew, Murphy, Carver, Croston, Hawks, Kirk, L. Rogers, Gomez, Ingalls, Meader, Sanford, Ambrose, Gay, Young, P. Caldwell, and Owen.

The Moody-Kent prizes, which have been increased to ten dollars through the accrument of the fund. These awards, which are usually given at Class Day, are six in number, one for the student having the highest average in each of the following branches: English, Ancient Languages, Modern Languages, History, Mathmetics and Sciences. The Ancient Languages include both

Greek and Latin. The boy with the highest average in either French or German receives the Modern Language prize and the fellow with the highest mark in either Physics or Chemistry the Science Prize.

One new feature has been introduced this year, namely, that one fellow can receive but one prize.

OUR ANGELS?

When Jimmy and Jack, our jolly
jokers,

First came to this fine school,
A man with half an eye could see
That neither was a fool.

And both turned out to be quite
bright,—

At roughing also learned,—
And we understand through various
means,

They came near being Burn-ed.
At football, physics, history,
At basket and base balls,
They've worked, (there's no Dean-
ial)

And drunk their fun "In-galls."

We hunted high and low for names
Which should fit them fairly,
And now they both bear "Bear,"
A nomen which suits them barely.

The Class of '07 has made considerable progress toward making Commencement a success. President Ingalls with his usual promptness and precision has directed the remainder of the class into the most profitable channels. Committees have been appointed, many arrangements already made and a general plan conceived. Graduation will last for five days, beginning Friday evening with the Ambrose Prize Speaking contest. On Saturday a baseball game is planned and on Sunday, the Baccalaureate sermon will be preached. On Monday a

picnic down the river will be made and on Tuesday the regular class day exercises and festivities will occur. The Seniors are all enthusiastic and a fine time is anticipated. Come and enjoy yourselves.

AN EULOGY.

In the memory of the Largest Frog in Dummer Academy, we make this sorrowful tribute. He was born in the Ice Pond in the year 1907. Like the ugly duckling, he was the last to hatch and the biggest of the latest lot and, continuing the comparison, was so beaten and pounded by the old frogs that life was unpleasant, so finally, through powerful persuasion of Mr. Hawks and others, he consented to live in the aquarium of the Farm. He had hardly reached his home-to-be when a fit of homesickness (almost as bad as Norton's) took hold of him and, being unable to break the bars of his cage and before Trainer Baldwin could sooth him by tender caresses, he passed away. This illustrious frog had the largest heart and also the greatest mouth of his race. Beloved by the Grangers, adored by the Commoners, and revered by the Mansioners, he lies, buried with due ceremony in the Garden of Jumpers.

NATURE NOTES.

Although the balmy spring seems to have forgotten to appear at the usual time this year, the birds know it should be here and they have come to us as usual.

The whole sparrow family including the transient visitant our beautiful Fox Sparrow, has been seen about the grounds. The Towhees, Meadow Larks, Orioles and Vireos have been heard.

A Phoebe is building over the door of the Pierce Cottage in the same spot where one, perhaps the same bird built last year, while inside

the cottage the canaries are building.

Violets, anemones, saxifrage, hepaticas, marsh marigolds, dandelions and bluets have braved the cold, damp weather and bloomed to prove to us that the calendar is correct and it is really May.

The frogs are still active and the running streams are alive with tadpoles, caddises, fishes and turtles.

PEIRCE COTTAGE NOTES.

Among the guests whom we have entertained at the Cottage during the last month were Mrs. M. E. Eldridge of Boston and Mrs. W. J. Lannigan of Waterville, Maine.

We are glad to have Henry Murdock with us again, who has been ill since February.

Murdock was also glad to get back and still answers the name, "Dummer News."

Baseball practice is still very popular among the athletes of the Cottage, especially before breakfast.

We wonder if Bunny Welch really was picking pussy-willows. Ask Viamonte.

On account of the weather, the game scheduled May fourth with "Pat" Hadley's team of Lynn was postponed and Manager Welch is now trying to arrange for another game in the near future.

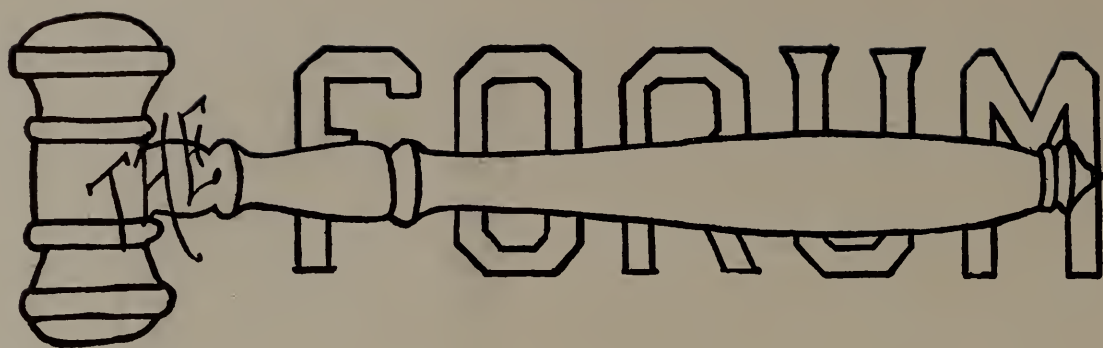
Vincent Cano,—the woodchuck-trapper.

The evening of the dance, Miss Underhill entertained the out-of-town guests, including the following, Mrs. C. E. Lord of Newton, Mrs. C. E. Meader of Lynn, Misses Lulu Smith and Helen Martin of Haverhill, Alice Copp and Gladys Blodgett of Rowley.

Yes, the Cano brothers look very nice in their new suits. At least, Vincent thinks he does.

The latest Cano maxim—"Remember neber speaks again what you don't know."

S. M. COTTRELL.



On Wednesday evening, April seventeenth, the regular meeting of the Forum was held in the Chapel. The President and Vice-President were absent and First Censor Moseley presided. The question for debate was: Resolved, that the Chinese should be excluded from the United States. The affirmative was assigned to Messrs. Kirk and Herbest but the latter was not present on account of sickness and Messrs. Croston and Lord were down for the negative but Lord was also ill. Mr. Kirk began by a sharp and bitter denunciation of Chinamen in general to which Mr. Croston gave an answer in his fine talk in behalf of the yellow heathen. The voluntary debate which followed was short but full of good points. Then Mr. Croston and Mr. Kirk finished the debate with their rebuttals. The decisions on the merits of the debate and on those of the question both went to the affirmative.

The question chosen for the next debate was: Resolved, that public utilities should be owned and operated by the various city governments. The debaters appointed were Messrs. Lord and Lamson, affirmative, and Messrs. Herbest and Beola negative. Ingalls was selected as critic. There were two new members admitted into this honorable society, Holbrook and Bume.

The last meeting of the Forum for this year was held on Wednesday evening, May eighth, in the Chapel. The meeting was called to order at eight o'clock by President Caldwell. The subject for debate was: Resolved that public utilities should be owned and controlled by the various city governments. The debaters assigned were, Messrs. Lord and Lamson, affirmative, and Messrs. Herbest and Beola, negative. Owing to important (?) business, Messer. Lamson and Herbest were unable to attend and efforts to procure substitutes were unsuccessful.

Mr. Lord commenced with a strong argument on public interests, covering many points, to which Mr. Beola responded in vigorous terms. Both men showed good preparation but their delivery did not emphasize their points. When the merits of the debate were considered the affirmative received the decision as well as that on the merits of the question.

This society has been most successful this year in every way. The debates have been interesting and instructive, the members have been enthusiastic and the financial status immensely good. The balance on hand in the treasury amounting to about fifteen dollars has been set aside for some future use.



On Friday evening April twenty-six the members of Miss Cuseck's dancing class held their annual assembly in the Gymnasium. The decorations were of bunting in Dummer colors and interspersed with garlands emblematic of the spring which should be here at this time according to the calendar. This effect was rendered more pleasing by the new electric lights, our latest improvement.

The first dance started with about twenty-five couples on the floor many of whom were from Newburyport and Rowley. Among the guests present from out of town was Miss Clara C. Bayley. Refreshments were served in the "Commons" after which the dancing was resumed and continued until 11.30. A special car which had been obtained for the occasion took the guests to Newburyport.

The social committee finished its work for this year by conducting a very enjoyable dance on May tenth. To this committee much credit is due, for the way they have planned and executed the social affairs of the year. It has been difficult to

please and satisfy everybody, but the committee has tried to follow as much as possible the wishes and requests of the students, and has succeeded remarkably well.

This last dance was even better than the former ones and everybody seemed to have a delightful time. The music was excellent, the decorations artistic and the refreshments dainty and plentiful. The new electric lights were much appreciated and saved the customary trouble with the old kerosene lamps.

The matrons who aided in making the dance a success were: Mrs. C. H. Dodge and Mrs. N. N. Jones of Newburyport and Mrs. C. E. Lord of Newton.

Among the young ladies present were: Misses Edith Ingalls, Helen Usher, Mary Jones, Ada Simpson, Alice Pomeroy, Agnes Langdon, Marion Gould, Ethel Jackman, Ethel Kimball, Elizabeth Titcomb, Minerva Bayley, Marion Lovett, Bertha Houston, Helen Fernald, Bessie Chase, Mabel Rogers and Miss Cuseck of Newburyport, Gladys Blodgett, Alice Copp of Rowley, Lulu Smith, Helen Martin of Haverhill, Marion Lane of Wakefield, Margaret Kent of Beverly.



DANVERS VS. DUMMER.

20—14.

The game with Milton Academy was cancelled on account of rain and the first game of the season was with the Danvers High School team at Danvers. Our field had been torn up all the spring and we had had no practice on a field. So with an inexperienced team chosen by Coach French, we opposed our old enemies.

Capt. Natt Ambrose pitched a good game for Dummer considering that this was his first game this season and Booker T. caught well. The Danvers team was more experienced and by better playing got away with the game. This was a good practice game for our fellows, showing up the weak points which can and must be attended to.

In our game with Danvers later in the season we hope to be more successful and to retrieve our laurels.

HAVERHILL VS. DUMMER.

15—3.

Dummer went to Haverhill April 25 to play the high school. The last time that Haverhill met Dummer in an athletic contest was in the basket ball season when we came off victorious by a good score. The baseball team hoped to be as successful and add one more defeat to Haverhill's record. There had been a heavy rain in the morning and the grounds were in a very muddy and slippery condition. It was due to this fact in a great measure that our team lost. Riley pitched a good, steady game, but the rest of the

team seemed unable to play together. The throwing was uncertain and the fielding only fair.

The line up of the Dummer team was: Washington, c., Riley, p., Sanford, 1st, Dean, 2nd, Hawks, ss., Ambrose, 3rd, Meader, lf., Curtis, cf., Ingalls, rf.

The Haverhill line up was: Parodi, c., Marshall, p., Ryan, 1st, Davis, 2nd, Kelly, ss., Adams, 3rd, Martin, lf., Savage, cf., Vaughn, rf.

DUMMER VS. LYNN.

5—4

On Friday, April 26, we journeyed to Lynn and there played a game with the Lynn English High team upon the New England league grounds. The game was fast and fascinating throughout. Both teams played well but our batting decided the contest. The final score was five to four in our favor, a result that greatly pleased the team and its supporters. Riley pitched a good game for Dummer, striking out fifteen men during the contest.

PINKERTON VS. DUMMER.

13—3.

On May the first the team went to Derry, N. H., and played Pinkerton Academy. We were the first team to play on their new athletic field and the condition of the field certainly showed it had been recently made. The infield was very rough while the outfield was not deep enough.

In the first inning Pinkerton scored three runs, discouraging our team very much. In the sixth a

home run was made when three men were on bases. This seemed to take all the remaining life out of the team and Pinkerton tallied several times afterwards, making the final score of 13 to 3. We batted poorly and the fielding was not strong. Riley's arm was in a sore condition, making another impediment in the way of victory for Dummer.

We were treated very well by the Pinkerton fellows and we expect to give them a good time later in the season.

DUMMER VS. BROWN AND NICHOLS.
3—2.

On Friday May third victory fell to us in a game against the Brown and Nichols School team. The contest was held on the American League grounds, Boston, and the fine diamond was a help to making the game as fast as it was. The teams were evenly matched save that our batting was slightly superior. From start to finish there was not a dull moment and not till the last man was out did Dummer feel that she had the victory.

Riley pitched a good game; at times he seemed unsteady yet pulled himself out by good work. For instance of the uncertainty of the game, in the last of the ninth inning with Brown and Nichols but one run behind us, Riley passed two men to start with. A sacrifice was attempted but a man was forced out at third and then two men fell before Riley's curves. Thus the game ended in excitement and thus did our pitcher at all times redeem for his errors.

The Dummer line-up for this game was:—Washington, c., Riley, p., Ambrose, 1st, Dean, 2nd, Hawks, ss., Lamson, 3rd, Meader, lf., Curtis, cf., Banks, rf.

PERLEY FREE VS. DUMMER.
7—1.

A practice game with the Perley Free School was played at Georgetown on May eighth. The regular pitchers and team were not used, saving them for more important contests, and mostly through the wildness of Ambrose the score was as it is.

Whereas, It hath pleased Almighty God to take from our schoolmate, David S. Caldwell, his father, we, the students of Dummer Academy, are,—

Resolved: that we extend to him our deepest sympathy in his sorrow.

Resolved: that these resolutions be printed in The Archon and that a copy be sent to our schoolmate.

COMMITTEE OF THE STUDENTS.



In a recent letter from Robert Wesselhoeft, '01, we learn that he is about to leave for Shanghai, China, where in the employ of the General Electric Company he will make his residence. We understand he is succeeding in his business and we wish him good luck in his future home.

The work of installing the motor and dynamo here at Dummer for the electric lights was done under William Dummer, a former student at Dummer.

J. Leo Towne and E. Bruce Jordan have left Worcester Polytechnical Institute. The latter has a fine position in an electrical company in Pittsburg, Pa. and studying outside of his work.

Colorado Springs, Colorado.
To the Editor of the Archon:—

I am glad to send such recollections of my days at Dummer as I can. I was there in the days of small things, when for the sake of a respectable attendance the girls of the parish of Byfield were admitted as students, though as a salve to their consciences for this outrageous coeducational innovation, the Trustees charged said girls triple, or at least double, the tuition paid by the Byfield boys. (Perhaps I had better confess that my father was one of those Trustees, that the girls took all the honors in scholarship, unless

my memory fails me, and that I am myself now an instructor in a coeducational institution.)

My Dummer days were I believe, confined to the year 1876-7, and a few weeks in the fall of 1877. I remember with great distinctness the graduation oration of the Hon. Joseph N. Dummer, now an honored Trustee. He didn't mention Radium, or the X-Ray, or Wireless Telegraphy explicitly, in fact I believe that since none of these other things had then been discovered, he very wisely confined himself to booming the TELEPHONE.

That word came out of his mouth in capital letters that day and I think he probably gave the telephone business its first good start, and he prophesied all these other things in general without taking our time to descend to particulars.

It was about this time that I saw my first case of "rattle." It was the hour of festivities. The graduation dinner spread under a tent in front of the Academy, had been consumed. I, a hungry youngster, was circling around longingly, enviously, just outside the tent. Finally the speaking commenced. One speaker began in a very impressive manner: "A hundred years ago this place was a howling wilderness!" Pretty fine, I thought,—when to my utter astonishment, forgetting, evidently what was intended to come next,

he broke out into: "*And I would to heaven it was a howling wilderness still!*"

Some of the students of today probably remember the old Academy building. None of you, however, can recall the pristine simplicity of its internal architecture. There were just two rooms, with a stair case and the bell rope under the tower. I think I felt as if I were fast becoming a man when by standing on the post of the stairs and jumping with the bell rope in hand I was able to send the rope up through the hole in the ceiling. I used constantly to practice—when the bell wasn't supposed to be rung and nobody was around. The room down stairs had desks, the one up stairs a few settees along the wall. There was never need for more than two classes at a time—it wasn't thought fair to expect more than that of two teachers, perhaps. Not much hard study was done, either, that I remember, yet somehow I made a year at Phillips Andover. One humorous "rhetoricals" day I

recall when about half a dozen boys in turn stood up and recited:

"Stand, the ground's your own, my
braves!

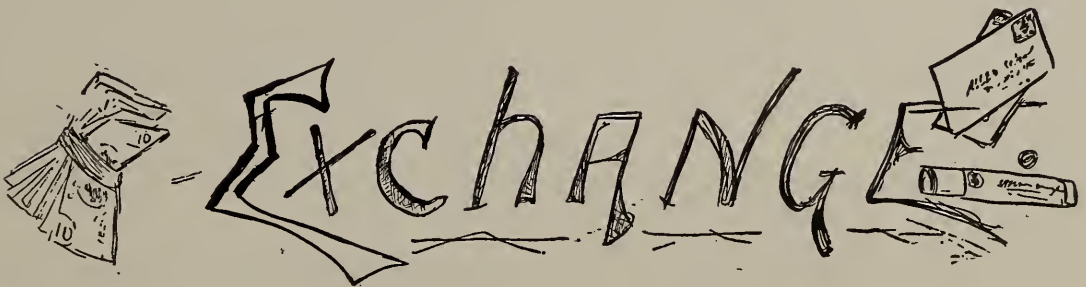
Will ye give it up to slaves!"

The effect was too much for the gravity of the most sedate.

For formal athletics we had only baseball, but that we played hard among ourselves and had an occasional game with a Rowley team. The swimming places on both rivers were well known to us. The turn-pike bridge over the Parker was at that time in a state of ruin and afforded a good chance for diving. The bridge in the causeway, too, was a favorite resort. Many is the time I've bucked against the current there. There was another good diving place near the middle of the Causeway—a big rock sunk in the muddy bank, now some years ago washed away.

But my letter is getting too long, and has not much of substantial fact of school life to relate anyway. So it comes fittingly to an end.

ATHERTON NOYES.



This month's Tattler was an improvement over their former issues. The cover design is excellent and the literary department very readable. We hope it will continue to improve number by number.

A very neat, little paper is found in The School Life of Melrose,

Mass.; but don't you think, Melrose students, that it would be a good addition to have a cut or two in the paper, at least a frontispiece?

The college men are very slow,

They seem to take their ease,

For even when they graduate

They do it by degrees.

[Ex.

"Columbus as a Hero" in The Winnepesaukee, —a new exchange, coming from Wolfboro, N. H., is a fine article. The arrangement of material in this paper is good, also. We await the rest of the issues.

My dear Drury Academe, do you think that Dummer Academy is not enough to locate us. Surely we have plenty on our cover now and if people do not know where Dummer is, it is not very much work to look within.

A man named Wood met a friend named Stone. "Good morning, Mr. Stone," he said. "How are Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"

"Oh, very well, Mr. Wood," was the reply. "How are Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?" Ex.

The Scientific Notes, High School Bulletin, are a good part of your paper. They are interesting and also valuable.

"Princeton Won" in The High School Herald is a pleasing short story although the theme has been used very often. The style of writing however makes it very readable.

The Alumni Department of the Megaphone is exceptionally good.

The boys of the Irving School have a fine issue in their April "Irsonian." The cuts are good and the poetry excellent.

The "Translation of Homer," O. Chronicle, is great. It is hard enough for most students in Prep schools to make a prose translation.

The Calendar is a new Exchange, coming from Buffalo, N. Y. May we have a more recent issue next time?

The Review from Watertown, Mass., contains an excellent story called "The Mysterious Valley."

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the following:—The Herald,

Holyoke, Mass.; The Garnet and Blue, Wilbraham, Mass.; Overlook, Norwalk, Conn.; The World, Topeka, Kansas; Arms Student, Shelbrone Falls, Mass.; Clarion, Arlington, Mass.; Aegis, Beverly, Mass.; Messenger, Portland, Me.; Middlebury campus, Middlebury, Vermont; Advance, Salem, Mass.; A. H. S. Tidings, Amesbury, Mass.; Orange and Blue, Milton, Mass.; Gazette, Lynn, Mass.

Puer—unfortunate.

Pax—peddlars' bundles.

Num—without feeling.

Nix—not much.

Male—one belonging to the male sex.

Lego—loosen your hold.

Extra—more than ordinary.

Tandem—a bicycle for two.

Cum—to approach.

Sis—a girl.

Ire—rage.

Sit—to become seated.

Is—a part of the verb "to be."

Possum—a small animal.

Te—a beverage. [Ex.

The Crescent, a new exchange, sent from New Haven, Conn., is as neat a paper as we have received. We especially like the divisions of the paper, the cuts and the large type used. We hope it will come to hand regularly each month.

The Lariat, of March was very inferior to its former issues but the students have taken a brace in the April number.

A very good new exchange came this month called The Cardinal, from Covina, California. One suggestion we would make,—that an advertisement on the front cover looks very bad.

Having a special baseball number is a good idea for it encourages the team, Oracle. Thurlock Hulms seems to be a follower of Sir Conan Doyle, very good, too.

Tennis Goods

NETS AND TAPE.

Rackets, with prices ranging from \$1 to \$4.

Tennis Balls, 25, 35 and 40c each.

Rules for playing Tennis
10c each.

BASEBALL GOODS
a specialty.

Jaques Hardware Store

Newburyport, Mass.

Compliments of

D. B. H. POWER

Complete House

Furnisher

LYNN, ∴ ∴ MASS.

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MEDICINES

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The Horace Partridge Co.

Manufacturers and Importers
of

Fine Athletic Goods

COLLEGE, SCHOOL and GYMNASIUM
OUTFITS a Specialty.

Fencing Outfits, Base Ball, Lawn Tennis,
Foot Ball, Boxing, Basket Ball, Striking Bags,
Track and Field Supplies, Gymnasium Cloth-
ing.

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Students

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Send for Catalogue

Established 1884.

F. L. ATKINSON, Treas.

Atkinson Coal Company

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Bituminous

Wholesale and Retail.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Telephone 6 or 52.

Biddle Baking Company

Makers of

Ice Cream, Confectionery,
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Pastry

Try our
PURE MILK BREAD
10c per loaf.

35 PLEASANT ST., NEWBURYPORT

Phoenix Pharmacy

THOS. F. CAREY, Prop.



18 State St., Newburyport

The Satisfaction

Of getting the "right garment"—"right away"
"at the right price" is demonstrated
here daily.

TOP COATS
\$10 to \$20

SPRING SUITS
\$10 to \$22.50

RAIN COATS
\$10 to \$25

F. B. HUBBARD, Clothier
80 State Street, - Newburyport

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EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME

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Watchmaker and Jeweler

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Newburyport, Mass.

The Wolfe Tavern

DANIEL H. FOWLE & SON,
Proprietors

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

THE BON MARCHE

The Only Department Store in Newburyport

NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE, NEWBURYPORT

Q For Men's Wear, in Hosiery, Underwear, Negleege Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Suspenders, Etc., Etc., you will find our store absolutely Headquarters. Housekeeping Supplies in their entirety in our Daylight Basement. We are giving away Standard Talking Machines. Come and see us about this special offering

FISHER & CO.

NEWBURYPORT

Compliments of

D. J. Kelleher

*An invitation to the Sons of Dummer
to visit*

Harrington & Kiley's

*New Clothing Store, when
in Newburyport.*

Agents for the celebrated Knapp Felt \$4
Hats for Men.

HARRINGTON & KILEY

56 State Street, - - Newburyport
Telephone 526-4

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Manufacturers of

Celebrated "Addison" 10c Cigar

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"Newburyport Best" 5c Cigar

Dealers in

Tobacco, Pipes and all Smokers'
Articles

15 State St., Newburyport

Macular Parker Company

Call the attention of students
to their showing of Spring

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

The garments are all made
in workshops on the premises
and are right in style, fabric
and fit. Clothes made to
special measure. A fine line
of Haberdashery.

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EXCLUSIVE NECKWEAR

Neat, rich and nobby. Even the most fastid-
ious will find satisfying designs in our extensive
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<i>Four-in-Hand Scarfs,</i>	50c. to \$2.50
<i>English Squares,</i>	\$1.25 to 5.00
<i>Ascots,</i>	50c. to 2.50

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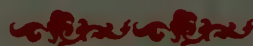
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